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Hollins Columns (1941 Dec 5)

Hollins College

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Waltz Me Around Again, Willie

You See in Glance Hour After Dance Death to Romance

And then there's the hour after the dance... Walking out of the front door of Main after the dance, you are suddenly hit by a blast of wind and cold. For a moment you waver. You even consider going into the social rooms, inhabited at this minute by no less than fifty uncomfortable people, hanging off the arms of chairs, sitting on other people's feet, yelling at one another from across the room. But then, *anything*, think you, is better than that. With a vengeance, you begin the marathon around the quadrangle.

First, you and the date march in a circular direction around the outside of said quadrangle while you point out the library steps, the chapel steps and the steps of Main—all of which he has been climbing ever since he arrived. After swiftly cantering three more times around the quadrangle, you decide it is time to seek new climes. Carefully avoiding all rock-sitters and hiders-behind-trees, you maneuver the date down the middle of the quadrangle. But since this turns out to be a trifle embarrassing. With business definitely on the rocks, you quickly pull him back on the beaten path along the outside of said plot of grass.

The marathon begins anew—three times around, three times back and repeat. All the time you seek desperately to discuss the roommate with roommate's brother. (Yes, it has come to that.) At last when your feet ache, your hair has come completely out of curl, and the thought of struggling around the quadrangle one more time is just too much, you suggest the rocks—as a last resort. Sitting down finally on the cold, hard pieces of granite with roomie's brother nobly holding your hand you fail to see how these favored stones ever inspired romance! All you can do is offer up a little prayer to the clock to strike. You hope, you Hope, you HOPE—and then it does. Like a herald of mercy the melodious stroke sounds off. You gather up your aching bones and feet and stumble over to the steps of Main. Because you have not said a word for the last half hour, with a final heroic effort and much glowing smile you sweetly coo, "I've enjoyed it so much. It's been wonderful talking to you."

THE

Turn off the gas, Betty, my lass,
You asked for it, 'n' you got it,
You asked him to come—
Oh, strife! Such is life!
Now try to make things hum.
Revive the tagging—
It's lagging.
A night for dancing and romancing:
You spend it herding stags
around.
Then while birds are turtle-doving,
You search until your date is found
And go outside and get some—
punch.

Take Our Advice and You'll Entice

And so, in the course of human events, THE PROM comes to Hollins Institute. Between applications of Rose-Geranium Toning Lotion and Raspberry Elbow Creme, we've plucked our eyebrows, dyed our lashes, glued on our fingernails and dipped out crowning glory in two parts lemon juice, one part peroxide. And now the time has come to decide WHAT to wear!

First of all, the *tea dance frock*—

If you want to stand out from the crowd, if you yearn to be the most *stunning* one, forsake prosaic black and display your—patriotism in a tri-colored creation designed to make you the most unique mademoiselle in the staggering line. Top this off with a braided coiffure entwined with wee French flags—Free French, of course—and rest assured that you will not "meet yourself"—or even a reasonable facsimile.

Now, *just the thing for those little dinners before the main event*—

You, too, can cut fried chicken and still be demure, if you appear in a new ankle-length model complete with satin slippers to show off your "fairy feet." If you are a blonde, try popular melon pink. If you are a brunette, try waltz blue, and if you're a redhead try—

And last, but not least, the *formal*—

This must be your *chef-d'œuvre*, your coup de maitre. For stark young drama we recommend rose red satin cut with slashing lines and guaranteed to set the world on fire. And for cross campus treks to those scintillating intermission parties a coolie coat in lemon yellow will do *amazing* things to your glowing complexion.

P. S.—Don't forget to wear two slips!

The Receiving Line Dates Decline

"Here, let me straighten your tie"—*wish I could do something with your face.* "Don't gulp like that, Peter—they don't bite! Of course, we have to—everybody does! Please try to remember you aren't marching with the corps—I can't skip very well in an evening dress. Ready? Let's go—smile—Pete!"

"This is Mr. Peter Lipinsky"—*say something, Pete, even if you have to use sign language! Lord, you needn't have crushed her hand. Come on, sonny boy, shift!* "No, Lipinsky—L-I-P-I-N-S-K-Y. Oh, no, Peter doesn't play football—do you, Peter—?" *Why doesn't he answer me?* "Peter's from Pittsburgh—he came all the way down for our prom—wasn't that sweet?" *Now, Peter, perform—this is the president.* "No, dear, I didn't say anything."

"Pete! Please follow me—I keep introducing you and you aren't there—you remember Miss Maddrey, don't you? Oh, yes, you do, Peter—you know you do—the lady in the social office, Peter—" *Of course you do—there, there, don't look like that. Heavens, he's going to cry.* "Say you're glad to have met them and will see them at the prom, honey." *Now come on.* "No, not that way. Yes, you did beautifully, but then you've probably been through so many receiving lines—has—ha-ha— You say the cutest things!"



Here's to Queen Kuntz and also Payne,
May they lead the Prom and always reign.

Although He is Gruesome You'll be a Cute Twosome

"Hey, Mimi, the phone's for you!"
Oh, dear Lord, at last. "Coming!" I don't want to see him. Any fool who can't get here within two hours of the time he says he is coming doesn't deserve to see me when he does arrive. Wonder what the lad is like now.

"Hello. Yes." Oh, my word, he is here really. "Hey, Piggie, Kip is here." Well, so he's here and my hair is drooping around my neck. He isn't worth putting it up again for, anyway. After all, I'm the one who is doing all the honors this time. Maybe I do look like a porpoise. He can jolly well be satisfied with what he gets. If it weren't for me he wouldn't even be here at all. That freshman was just kidding when she put his name on the list, I know. Don't run to the social office, you fool. Show how much poise you have gained in the last year. Try to look calm. My gosh, I'm panting. Where is he? I've never seen so many men in my life. Why doesn't he look like that tall brunette over there? Can this creature really be he?

"Hello! Why, hey!..." That is enough in the way of a greeting. I might have thrown in a "how-do-you-do" and a "hi" just to see if the result would be interesting. "Why, yes, it has been ages, hasn't it? I'm so-o-o glad you got here." Hypocrite, you knew he'd snap at the chance and get here if he had to come in a tank.

"Yes, I have seen them and they were just fine. Think of our friends being married." On second thought, maybe, you'd better not. People with that lack of expression on their faces like you have often get the darndest ideas. Must he really wear a bow tie? Even your best friends...

"What? Oh, that's the girl you met before—on the way over here." Cheer up, you glob, she'll dance with you at the tea dance. Do you suppose I have enough allowance left over to pay these wenches to cut in on you? Definitely, no!

Why did I use to cry when you didn't dance with me in dancing school? Now I could cry because you are. There is the roommate. Hope she doesn't remember that I used up the last of her shampoo. "Yes, the orchestra is good. He's quite up and coming." Wonder if I can give roommate the high sign? After all, she did meet him. Yeah, that's just it. "What? I'm not scratching your shoulder. No, I, uh, I just wanted to wind my watch. No, you can't do that with one hand, can you? Well, ha, ha, I try anything once." Ha, ha, I feel like Pagliacci's double. What is this queer skip we take every time we finish kneeling on the floor? "Did you really get shot in maneuvers? I just don't understand the army at all." Why did I say that? Probably could have fooled him all week-end. If he knows a cannon from a tracer bullet, I'll be surprised.

"What shall we do now? Well, let's go into town for dinner." Don't look as if you only had twenty-one cents instead of twenty-one dollars a month, you cheap skate. I'm paying. "We have to meet the others in ten minutes, so I'll run upstairs for a minute to get my coat. See you right here." The others? "Oh, the others that are going to eat with us." Why does he ask in such a pained way? Hope he had no delusions about a tete-a-tete meal. Doubt if I could swallow a steak if I had to look at that flounder puss across from me.

"Why, thank you. No, you haven't ever seen it before." How could you, when it belongs to a girl who lives in New Mexico? "Thank you so much for the flowers." Gardenias always make me feel sick, and he ought to know it by now. They look so snappy on this dress, too. Ugh.

The clock is striking at last. "Well, good night. It was grand fun." Don't you dare say a word about breakfast. I expect to go to the infirmary at seven tomorrow. If I can make it, of course. Breakfast at nine-thirty would be grand. Good-night."

Always It Is Who, Tom, James, Ask Will Go With You

It's always a problem, this asking someone to the prom, because if you ask one person it is all right or all wrong and if you ask some one and it is all right it may still be all wrong but very seldom is it all right and all right.

You are confronted with the several possibilities. If you ask Ted, it will be fine, because good old Ted is a fine fellow and since the days when you went to Junior Cotillion with him he has been the boy you could always count on, and not having missed any really big week-end at the University since he got into the place you feel that it is your duty to ask him. Having mulled this all over in your brain you think of the week-end and how nothing would really be as oodely as it would be if you had some one else, just who you don't know as yet, you decide that if Ted has stood being kicked around this long he can stand it for a while longer and if he can't he isn't worth all the time you have let him lavish on you when you think some one more attractive might have been lavishing it instead.

Now lots of people go stag and have a very good time but you don't want to go stag because if you would pay the same amount to go stag that you would to take somebody you might just as well take some one. There is more future in taking some one. You look through your pile of letters and through your photograph album until you come to a picture of Jeff who was at that Tennis Committee cocktail party.

Quite suddenly you think that you can't ask him because this would be dumb of you due to the fact that he has stomach ulcers and you are, by luck, going to a party of alcoholic nature and who wants to watch a date drink milk all evening and make you feel like a sot?

Well, you had better go stag. But wouldn't it be fun to have the week-end with that tall boy, who you met in Lexington twice and who never remembered you? Gosh, you think he is by far the best number you have set eyes on. As long as you have your ticket you might as well take a chance. Think of what you would feel like if your roommate met him and made a hit without your ever trying your luck. You mail the letter and he for some reason unknown to every one but his fraternity brothers is going to get here for the gala occasion.

HE

Don't be so sad, Peter, my lad,
You asked for it 'n' you got it,
You could've said no—
Oh, well, what the hell,
It's good as dances go,
And rather amusing—but confusing:
A million names and a million
dames,
You always seem to get the hags,
The drones and crones—it just
can't miss.
But your date is cute and when
she tags
You can go outside and have a—
sandwich.

Winnie-the-Pooh Has His Eye on You

Winnie-the-Pooh said, "Oh, dear!" Then he sat down suddenly, and scratched his head, which tingled in the crisp December air. Piglet trotted up with a worried air on his wrinkled nose and said, "Pooh, have you forgotten?"

"No," said Pooh, trying not to be irritated, "I have not forgotten. I am merely trying to get a seat I can see from." As if that explained anything, sighed Piglet to himself. Just then Mr. Waddell, the Man, came along with Kippie, the Dog, and together they got Pooh and Piglet up on the big stone side of the steps of Main Building. "We want to thank you," said Pooh and Piglet with dignity, after they were carefully propped against the lamp post.

The white clouds floated above in a rather excited looking sky, and Pooh hummed softly to himself:

*"Today is Prom
Tiddely pom.
And some
Tiddely pom
Come down from
Tiddely pom
YALE!"*

"That's rather nice, don't you think?" asked Pooh of Piglet, while he brushed a fly off his nose. "Oh, yes, Pooh. That is grand. Hey!" chirped Piglet, "here comes one now!" Up drove a sedate green coupe, which was parked with consideration for the white walls, and out got a tall, nice looking boy, who paused and looked around in a bit of bewilderment. "Darling!" said the girl with all the gold and pearls on her chest. "Precious," murmured the boy, putting his big, strong arms around her. "Oooo!" squeaked Piglet. "My dearest, I haven't seen you in so..." "Pet, it's been ages..." His head came close to hers and Piglet closed his eyes and clutched Pooh. When he opened them again, they were gone. "My!" said Piglet. "My!"

"Yes," said Pooh, "that's the way it is with freshmen."

Up came a little fellow with shoulders that looked as if he'd been carrying a ten-ton pack on his back. Out came a tall girl, with a stern look in her eye and a diamond ring on her finger. "You're late," she said, and Piglet cringed. "Yes," he murmured, "I was trying to get you green orchids..."

"And that's the way it is with Juniors," said Pooh knowingly.

Along came two boys, walking together but not exchanging the time of day, and Piglet said, "Where are they from, Pooh? Are they mad at each other?"

"No," said Pooh, "the one with the soft tweed coat and cashmere tie is from Virginia, but he won't talk to the other boy because they haven't been introduced. And the one with the dark suit and the polished shoes is from W. & L. and he won't talk to the boy because he's from Virginia, which makes him a Wahoo, and the other a Mink. Do you see?"

"No," said Piglet. "Well, that's the way it is with them," said Pooh.

The W. & L. boy was greeted hurriedly by one of the girls walking down the steps. "Don, I left my art book in your car Thursday or else in the movies. Have you got it?" "Sorry, I don't, but I'll bring it Monday when I come."

"And that," said Pooh, "is the way it is with Lexington and Hollins and Seniors."

They Come in Packs



Campus Doctor Jekylls and Mister Hydes Take All the Men from Prom Trotters' Sides

PART 1—DR. JEKYLL

The moon was bright (almost Dean's List), its rays trickled down through the trees and lightly caressed the sleeping grass. Into this peaceful scene there gracefully tripped a line of young stags (aren't they dears?), their heads raised, eyes wide and staring, reflecting the soft glow of the moon. They walked with an expectant air, searching and eager. Then they stepped out of the forest onto the plains.

PART 2—MR. HYDE

The stags reach the bright lights on the plain and suddenly are transformed. In their place squat a line of scrawny black vultures, their beady red eyes staring at one another in malicious hate. They are revealed in their true light—primordial, ruthless hunters. Into their view there steps, all unsuspecting, a magnificent creature. The vulture's crafty eyes light up! A man! Then out of the flock a vulture pounces, sinking her claws into the startled victim, and opening her mouth she utters a haunting cry of suc-

cess, "Hello, there. I haven't been introduced to you, but you're Jane's date, aren't you, and I just *know* she won't mind if I dance a teensy-weensy step with you, because you're such a good dancer or at least you look like it and you must be, because Jane *never* asks anything but the best—why, last week she had a date with the cutest boy and asked him to the prom but he wouldn't come, and I don't see how you could notice poor little me but you're nice to be so receptive—let's go have a cigarette, I know Jane won't mind, she's such a dear."

Who is For Who and Who is For You?

Adams, Virgil..... Mary Taylor
Aitcheson, Jack..... Jean Janney
Alexander, Bill..... Marilee Nuckolls
Amis, Jack..... Susan Severin
Anderson, Marvin..... Martha Elam
Arnold, C. E..... Betty Cullum
Ashe, William..... Graham Gwathmey
Avera, Tom..... Jack Gravely

Barnes, W. T..... Sara Cooper May
Barnett, Randolph..... Frances Campbell
Beale, Roger..... Anne Baker
Becker, Reynolds..... Florence Milyko
Biddleton, Randy..... Sarah Taylor
Billingsley, Charles..... Betty Galeback
Blackburn, Leonard..... Virginia Martin
Bonifant, Dement..... Nika Thomas
Boyd, Frank..... Patsy Boyd
Brand, Cabell..... Agnes Reid Jones
Brauer, Stuart..... Virginia Kidd
Brewer, Mack..... Betty Sprunt
Britt, Thomas..... Anne McClenney
Buchanan, Walter..... Pat Hughes
Buckner, Bill..... Sally Spears
Bunge, Ernest..... Betty Brown
Burnet, Dave..... Mickey Payne

Caldwell, Daniel..... Julia Meade Wilson
Cameron, Dan..... Janet Diehl
Campbell, Fred..... Louise Campbell
Campbell, Jack..... Anne Biggs
Campbell, Orville..... Catherine Gray
Cantwell, Samuel..... Margaret DePrez
Chellis, Willard..... Marjorie G. Swann
Chess, Philip..... Jane Chess
Chewning, Charles..... Virginia Davenport
Christian, L. T..... Charlotte Wilson
Christian, Lynch..... Julia Zallicoffer
Claggett, H. C. B..... Mary J. Campbell
Clarke, James..... Priscilla Hammell
Clarke, Robert..... Sis Wade
Clements, Erskin..... Vickie Vaughan
Cochran, H. G..... Susan Rountree
Coleman, Alan..... Martha Watson
Colonna, George..... Betty Chambliss
Coppala, Edward..... Pat Barnes
Cornwall, Lynn..... Penney Beyer
Crosby, Robert..... Elizabeth Hendricks
Crosby, Thomas..... Margaret Crosby
Cullum, Percy..... Honey Pushell
Cummings, Thos..... Anne Stainback
Cuttingham, Thos..... Erica Brown

Daniel, Robert..... Jean Twyman
Densman, P. W..... Betty Ramspeck
Dickerson, G. W..... Betty Gordner
Dickson, Edward..... Doris Keller
Diffendal, John..... M. L. Millis
Dodd, Tom..... Barbara Griggeth

Dodson, Austin..... Marjorie Fay Underhill
Duffey, Donald..... Rhea Day
Dunlap, Jim..... Mary Welchel
Durham, Buck..... Virginia Wood

Ellis, Locke..... Peggy Harris
Evans, Bill..... Jean Phare
Evans, Jack..... Ann Jacobs

Farber, Brooks..... June McGraw
Fenner, William..... Nancy Elder
Fitzpatrick, Bev..... Helen Chewning
Fives, Frank..... Bunny Rogers
Ford, W. C..... Anne Folkes
Fox, John..... Rinky McCurdy

Gant, Hugh..... Mary Jane Hess
Garrett, Ben..... Cyn Collings
Green, Thomas..... Virginia Galleher
Gresham, Tyler..... Mary F. Smith
Griffis, Tommy..... Susan Johnston
Gordon, Bill..... Helen Seymonds
Gordon, Charles..... Evelyn Anderson
Gosin, John..... Amy Redfield
Gosney, Woodrow..... Ruth Dennett

Hamilton, Bill..... Marty Davis
Hannaford, C. M..... Louise Buse
Hearne, William..... Susan Baker
Heath, Horace..... B. A. Lentz
Higgins, Roy..... Anne Straub
Hird, John..... Nancy Cooper
Hitz, Alex..... Armin Cay
Hobson, Jennings..... Bernard Berkeley
Holden, West..... Jane Senter
Holt, Mark..... Jane Buffett
Holtz, Jack..... Mary B. Barnes
Horne, Dick..... Ellen Harwell
Howard, Doug..... Anne Weatherspoon
Humeston, Judson..... Becky Major

Irwin, Jim..... Jeanne Aubineau
Jasper, Evans..... Jean Findlay
Jasper, William..... Louise Harriman
Johnson, Clarence..... Dot Hudson
Johnson, S. Ladd..... Betty Burgess
Jones, George..... Pat Wadsworth
Jones, John..... Penny Jones

King, Everett..... Jeannie Afflick
King, Frank..... Betty King
King, Will..... Mary Curtis
Kraze, John..... Jane Henderson
Krueger, Everett..... Ann Krueger

Lambert, David..... Eleanor Bartlett
Lambert, Frank..... Frances Pugh
Lambert, Johnathan..... Anita Boye
Laner, Irwin..... Phyllis Price
Laricer, Jack..... Jean Meyer
Latimer, Jimmy..... Betty Chinn
Lees, Bob..... Ruth McCoy
Leigh, Walter..... Judy Barrow

Lemmon, Robert..... Nancy Blackburn
Lents, John..... Sara Yokley
Levy, H. R..... Henri Carter
Lilley, John..... Gloria Krey
Longbridge, Jack..... Martha Boyd

Mackall, Laidler..... Nancy Taylor
Martin, Roy..... Luch Buchanan
Martin, Teddy..... Ann Bright
McCauley, Hershie..... Ann Whitman
McCrey, Robert..... Marguerite Cornwell
McCutcheon, Robt..... Flo Near
McLaren, Walter..... Mary E. Bear
McLean, Gus..... Gwen Hubbard
Medding, Walter..... Betty Brown
Mernock, Bill..... Mary Austin Perrenot
Michael Howell..... Mary Ellsberg
Miller, Jack..... Betsy Moses
Miller, Felix..... Betty Dorsheid
Millis, Jimmy..... Jane Dempsey
Mills, H. T..... Gene Mills
Millsap, Vernon..... Peg Roney
Moore, Clayton..... Molly Weeks
Moore, David..... Anne Hutcheson
Moore, W. R..... Anne McCluen
Murphey, Otis..... Janet Sicard

Neher, C. R..... Betty Tucker
Neilon, Jack..... Pat Neilon
Nesbitt, Harrison..... Eleanor Rust
Newbold, Laurie..... Nancy Washington
Newell, Bobby..... Keith Smith
Niver, Robert..... Carolyn Gale

Ohman, Billy..... May Hill Overton
Overmeyer, Dick..... Gene Potter

Pappas, James..... Agnes Grace
Parsons, Shepherd..... Betty Lee Sams
Parton, George..... Mary L. Doran
Peck, Oscar..... Elizabeth Hardwicke
Peeden, Jimmy..... E. Mae Woolf
Peery, Bane..... Dabs Lancaster
Peter, Cary..... Agnes Grace
Peters, Robert..... Lillian Belk
Pettigrew, Jack..... Nancy O'Herron
Pridhan, Peter..... Chink Taylor
Priest, Jim..... Carolyn Burt

Raney, Bob..... Leacy Tucker
Reinert, Edward..... Irene Jones
Richardson, Bobby..... K. A. Low
Richardson, James..... Ethel Richardson
Riddick, Howard..... Flossie Crockett
Riggin, Irl..... Mary Nolde
Robey, Bill..... Mary L. Rickenbaker
Rogers, James..... Barbara Hudnutt
Rowland, Samuel..... Biz Toepleman
Ruby, Jack..... Carolyn Peters
Ryland, Joe..... Patsy Ryland

Prom Regulations

1. Please pull down the shades on front campus. The boys don't want you staring at them while you dress for the prom.
2. No girl and her date may sit for long periods in the balcony. You might miss the refreshments.
3. Please try to dance with as many boys as possible, especially those who look like they don't dance very well. They usually have minds worth cultivating.
4. Please do not go back for refreshments more than five times—it shows a lack of feeding.
5. Please be discreet on front campus after the dance—it's embarrassing for the night watchman when he finds you holding hands.
6. Please take turns sitting on the mill stones. It's very exhausting for those students who have to walk in circles for an hour.
7. Please come indoors if it rains—our dates' mothers are trusting us.
8. Please tell your dates that they are not to use the social room to change their clothes—there's no place to hang things.
9. Please take the right evening coat as you leave—the student government reserves the right to search all rooms at all times.

Saideson, Charles..... Nancy Stubbs
Schanberger, Geo..... Dotsy Crocker
Scott, Charles..... Phyllis McCue
Scott, Richard..... Jean Fisher
Sellers, Philip..... Launa Dixon
Shaffer, Robert..... Nancy Couper
Shepard, Dick..... Liz Senger
Sheretz, Carl..... Judy Henebry
Shuber, Jack..... Dot Wilson
Sieck, William..... Eleanor Sieck
Simmons, Bill..... Mary A. Thomas
Skillings, Jack..... Val Kuntz
Slater, M. O..... Amy Morrissey
Smith, Bobby..... Mary Lydia Lyle
Smith, Wilton..... Callie Rives
Smith, Zok..... B. K. Hendrix
Spindle, R. B..... Kitty Anderson
Sprunt, Hugh..... Kitty Keaton
Stamps, George..... Marian Pennock
Staples, Crawford..... Betty Martin
Stark, Bill..... Jean Downs

Taylor, Ramsay..... Betty Merrin
Taylor, S. W..... Dot Burroughs
Terhune, Bunnell..... Virginia Berkeley
Terry, Frank..... Marianne Layton
Thomas, Joe..... Betty Dixon
Thornton, William..... Frances Taylor
Tice, Gordon..... Rosemary Morse

Walters, Douglas..... Alice Sue Richardson
Ward, Jack..... Bobby Eggleston
Ward, Lloyd..... Anne Parker
Wardwell, Charles..... Anne Hall
Warren, George..... Agatha Roberts
Watkins, Romney..... Lucy Gray Hill
Webster, Billy..... Adeline Moon
Welborn, John..... Bunnie Rohner
Wells, Sargent..... Midge Demarest
Whaley, William..... Susanne Wayne
White, Leonard..... Helen H. Hunter
Whitlock, Coley..... Dot Stevens
Whitmore, Mac..... Julie Cooper
Williams, Alex..... Marta Cantwell
Williams, Fred..... Mary V. Campbell
Williams, Lee..... Barbara Lambert
Williams, Marshall..... Ann Bennett
Willis, Bill..... Diana Harrison
Wilson, William..... June Smith
Winter, Bill..... Cynthia Derry
Wood, George..... Bonnie Turley
Woodward, Harry..... Jean Champion
Woodward, Jack..... Elizabeth Chewning
Wooters, Charles..... Mary L. Latimer
Wortham, Turner..... Anne Upchurch
Wright, Barry..... Helen Taulman

Yeomans, F. K..... Angie Frazier